Ambo. Was neuer Orphanes had a dearer losse.
Du. Was neuer mother had a dearer losse:
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall;
She for Edward weepes, and so doe I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so doe I:
I for an Edward weepe, so doe not they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Poure all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glocest.*
Gl. Madame haue comfort, al of vs haue cause, *with others.*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them,
Madame my mother, I doe crie you mercy,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loue, charity, obedience, and true duety.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
Thats the butt end of a mothers blessing:
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out.
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hart-sorrowing peeres
That beare this mutuall heauy lode of moane:
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest of this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinterd, knit, and ioynd etogether,
Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht and kept,
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shalbe that straight shall post to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother will you go,
To giue your censures in this waighty busines,
Anf. With all our hearts. *Exeunt man. Glo. Buck.*

Buck.

Buck. My Lord who eu
For Gods sake let not vs
For by the way Ile sort o
As index to the story we
To part the Queenes pro
Glo. My other selfe, m
My Oracle, my Prophet,
I like a childe will go by t
Towards Ludlow then, f
Enter
1 *Cit.* Neighbour we
2 *Cit.* I promise you,
1 Heare you the newe
2 I, that the King is c
1 Bad newes birlady,
I feare, I feare, twill proc
3 *Cit.* Good morrow
Doth this newes hold of g
1 It doth. 3 Then mast
1 No no, by Gods good
3 Woe to that land that
2 In him there is a hope
That in his nonage counf
And in his full and ripen
No doubt shall then, and
1 So stoode the state w
Was crownd at Paris, bu
3 Stoode the state so?
For then this land was far
With pollitike graue cou
Had vertuous Vnckles to
2 So hath this, both by
3 Better it were they a
Or by the father there we
For emulation now, who
Will touch vs all too near
Oh full of danger is the D
And the Queenes kindre